The Squyr of lowe degre

IT was a squyer of lowe degre
that loued ye kings doughter of hun
The squir was curteous & hend (gre
Ech man him loued & was his frend
He serued the kyng her father dere
Fully the tyme of seuen yere
For he was marshall of his hall
And set the lords both great & smal
An hardy man he was and wight
Both in batayle and in fyght
But euer he was styll mornyng
and no man wyste for what thyng
And all was for that lady
the kynges doughter of Hungry
There wyste no wyghte in chrinstente
Howe well he loued that lady fre
He loued her more then seuen yere
yet was he of her loue neuer ye nere
He was not ryche of golde and fe
A gentyll man forsoth was he
to no man durst he make his mone
But syghed sore hym selfe a lone
and euermore whan he was wo
Into his chambre would he goo
And through the chambre he toke the waye
In to the gardyn that was full gaye
And in the garden as I wene
Was an arber tayre and grene
And in the arber was a tre
a fayrer in the world might none be

The tre it was of cypresse
the fyrst tre that Jesu chose
The sother wood and lykamoure
the reed rose and the lyly floure
the boxe, the beche, and the larel tre
The date also the damyse
the fylbyrdes hangyng to the groūd
The fygge tre and the maple round
And other trees there was mane one
the pyany the popler and the plane
With brode braunches all aboute
Within the arbar, and eke withoute
On euery braunche sate byrdes thre
Syngynge with great melody
The lauorocke and the nightyngale
the ruddocke, the woodwale
The pee, and the Popiniaye
the thrustele saynge both nyght and daye
The marlyn, and the Wrenne also
the Swalowe whippynge to and fro
The iaye iangled them amonge
the Larke began that mery songe
The sparowe spredde her on her syraye
the Maurs songe with notes full gaye
The nuthake with her notes newe
the Sterlynge set her notes full trewe
The goldefynche made full mery chere
Whan she was bence vpon a brere
And many other foules mo
the Osyll and the thrusche also

and

And they sange wyth notes clere
In confortynge that squyere
And euermore whan he was wo
In to that arber wolde he go
And vnder a bente he layde hym lowe
Ryght euen vnder her chambre wyndowe
and lened hys backe to a thorne
And sayd alas that I was borne
that I were ryche of goldy and fe
That I myght wedde that lady fre
Of golde good or some treasure
that I myght wedde that lady floure
Or elles come of so gentyll kynne
the ladyes loue that I myght wynne
Wolde god that I were a kynges sonne
that ladyes loue that I myght wonne
Or els so bolde in eche fyght
as was syr Lybius that gentell knyght
Or els so bolde in chyualry
As syr Gawayne or syr Guy
Or els so doughty of my hande
as was the gyaunte syr Colbrande
And were put in icopede
What man shoulde wynne that lady fre
Than should no man haue her but I
the kinges goughter of Hungry
But euer he sayde wayle a waye
For nouerte passeth all my paye
and as he made thys rufull chere
He sowned downe in that arbere

 that

That lady herde his mournyng all
Ryght vnder the chambre wall
In her oryall there she was
Closed well with royall glas
Fulfylled it was with ymagery
Euery wyndowe by and by
On eche syde had there a gynne
Sperde with many a dyuers pynne
A none that lady fayre and fre
Vndyd a pynne of yuere
and wyd the windowes she open set
the sunne shone in at her closet
In that arber fayre and gaye
She sawe where that squyre lay
the lady sayd to hym anone
Syr why makest thou that mone
and whi thou mournest night & day
Now tell me squyre I thee pray
And as I am a true lady
thy counsayl shall I neuer dyscry
And yf it be no reprefe to thee
thy bote of bale yet shall I be
and often was he in wele and wo
But neuer so well as he was tho
the squyer set hym on hys kne
and sayde lady it is for thee
I haue thee loued this seuen yere
and bought thy loue lady full dere
ye are so ryche in youre aray
that one word to you I dare not say

and

And come ye be of so hye kynne
No worde of loue durst I begynne
My wyll to your yf I had sayde
dan ye therwith not well apayde
ye might haue bewraied me to the kinge
And brought me sone to my endynge
Therfore my lady fayre and fre
I durst not shewe my harte to thee
But I am here at your wyll
whether ye wyll me saue or spyll
For all the care I haue in be
a worde of you might comfort me
And yf ye wyll not do so
Out of this land I must nedes go
I wyll forsake both lande and ie de
And become an hermyte in vncouth stede
In many a lande to begge my bread
To seke where Christ was quicke and dead
A staffe I wyll make me of my spere
Lynen cloth I shall none were
Euer in trauayle I shall wende
Evil I come to the worldes ende
And lady but thou be my bote
There shall no sho come on my fote
therfore lady I the praye
For hym that dred on good frydaye
Let me not in daunger dwell
For his loue that harowed hell
Than sayd that lady milde of mode
Right in her closed there she stode

By hym that dyed on a tre
Thou shalt neuer be deceyued for me
Though I for thee should be slayne
Squyer I shall the loue agayne
Go forth and serue my father the kynge
And let be all thy styll mournynge
Let no man wete that ye were here
thus all alone in my arbery
If euer ye wyll come to your wyll
Here and se and holde you styll
Beware of the stewarde & you praye
He wyll deceyue you and he maye
For if he wote of your woyng
He wyl bewraye you vnto the kynge
Anone for me ye shall be take
and put in pryson for my sake
Than must ye nedes abyde the lawe
Perauenture both hanged and drawe
That syght on you I would not se
For all the golde in christente
For and ye my loue should wynne
With chyualry ye must begynne
And other dedes of armes to done
Through whiche ye may wynne your shone
and ryde through many a peryllous place
As a venterous man to seke your grace
Ouer hylles and dales and hye mountaines
In wethers wete both hayle and raynes
and yf ye may no harbroughe se
Than must ye lodge vnder a tre

among

Among the beastes wyld and tame
and euer you wyll gette your name
And in your armure must ye lye
Euery nyght than by and by
and your meny euerychone
Til seuen yere be comen and gone
and passe by many a perylous see
Squyer for the loue of me
where any war begynneth to wake
And many a batayll vndertake
throughout the land of Lumbardy
In euery cytie by and by
and be auised whē thou shalt fight
Loke that ye stand aye in the right
and yf ye wyll take good hede
yet all the better shall ye spede
and whan the warre is brought to ende
To the rodes then must ye wende
And sir I holde you not to prayes
But ye there fyght thre good frydayes
and if ye passe the batayles thre
Than are ye worthy a knyght to be
And to bere armes than are ye able
Of gold and goules sete with sable
then shall ye were a shelde of blewe
In token ye shall be trewe
With vines of golde yet all aboute
within your shelde ād eke without
Fulfylled with ymagery
and poudred with true loues by and by

In the myddes of your sheld ther shal be set
a ladyes head with many a frete
above the head wrytten shall be
A reason for the loue of me
Both D and R shall be ther in
With A and M. it shall begynne
The baudryke that shall hange therby
Shall be of white lokerly
A crosse of red therin shall be
In token of the trynyte
your basenette shall be burnysshed bryght
your bentall shalbe well dyght
With flaxres of golde it shall be set
and couered with good veluet
a coronall clene corsuen newe
and ostrych fethers of dyuers hewe
your plates vnto you body shalbe enbrasse
Sall sye full semely in your wasse
your cote armoure of golde full syne
and poudred well with good armyne
Thus in your warres shall you ryde
With syre good yemen by your syde
and whan your warres are brought to ende
More ferther behoueth to you to wende
And ouer many perellous streme
Or ye come to Jerusalem
Thrugh feytes and feldes & forestes thicke
to seke where Christe were dead and quycke
There must you drawe your swerde of were
to the sepulchre ye must it bere

and

And laye it on the ſtone
amonge the lordes euery chone
And offre there florences fyue
Whyles that ye are man onlyue
and offre there florences thre
In tokenyng of the trynyte
And whan that ye ſyr thus haue done
Than are ye worthy to were your ſhone
than may ye ſay ſyr by good tyght
That you ar proued a venturous knyght
I ſhall you gette to your rydinge
A thouſande pounde to your ſpendinge
I ſhall you geue hors and armure
A thouſande pounde of my treaſure
Where through that ye may honoure wynn
And be the greateſt of your kynne
I pray to god and our lady
Sende you the whele of victory
That my father ſo fayne may be
That he will wede me vnto thee
And make the king of this coũtre
To haue & holde in honeſte
With welth and wynne to were the crowne
And to be lorde of toure and towne
That we might our dayes endure
In parfyte loue that is ſo pure
And if we may not ſo come to
Other wyſe then muſt we do
and therfore ſquyer wende thy way
and hye the faſt on thy iournay

And take thy leue of kinge and quene
And so to all the courte by dene
ye shall not want at your goyng
Golde nor syluer, nor other thyng
this seuen yere I shall you abyde
Betyde of you what so betyde
Tyll seuen yere be comen and gone
I shall be mayde all alone
the squyer kneled on his kne
And thanked that lady fayre ād fre
and thryes he kyssed that lady tho
and toke his leue ād forth he gan go
(The kinges steward stode full nye
In a chambre fast them bye
And herde theyr wordes wonder wele
and all the woyng euery dele
He made a vowe to heauen kynge
For to bewraye that swete thynge
And that squyer taken shoulde be
and hanged hye on a tre
and that false steward full of fyre
Them to betraye was his delyre
He bethought hym nedely
Euery daye by and by
Howe he myght venged be
On that lady fayre and fre
For he her loued pryuely
and therfore he dyd her great envye
Alas it tourned to wroth her heyle
that euer he wyste of theyr counsayle

But

But leue we of the ſtewarde here
and ſpeke we more of that Squyer
Howe he to his chambre went
Whan he paſt from that lady gente
Where he araied him in ſcarlet reed
and ſet his chaplet vpon his head
A belte about his ſydes two
With brode barres to and fro
A horne about his necke he caſte
and forth he went at the laſt
To do hys office in the hall
among the lordes both great and ſmall
He toke a white yeard in his hande
Before the kynge than gane he ſtande
and ſone he ſat hym on his knee
and ſerued the kynge ryght royally
With deynty meates that were dere
With Cartryche, Pecoke, and Plouere
With byrdes in bread ybake
the Tele the Ducke and the Drake
The Cocke, the Curlewe, and the Crane
With Feſauntes fayre they were no wane
Both Storkes and Snytes, ther were alſo
and venyſon freſhe of Bucke and Do
and other deyntes many one
For to ſet afore the kynge anone
and when the ſquyer had done ſo
He ſerued they hall to and fro
Eche man hym loued in honeſte
Hye and lowe in theyr degre

So dyd the kyng full sodenly
and he wyst not wherfore nor why
The kyng beheld the squyer wele
and all his payment euery dele
He thought he was the semelyest man
that euer in the worlde he sawe or than
Thus sate the kyng and eate right nought
Put on his squyer was all his thought
Anone the stewarde toke good hede
and to the kyng full soone he yede
And soone he tolde vnto the kynge
all theyr wordes and theyr worynge
and how she bycht hym lande and fe
Golde and syluer great plentye
and how he should his leue take
And become a knight for her sake
and thus they talked bothe in fere
and Drewe me nere and nere
Had I not come in veraply
the squyer had layne her by
But whan he was ware of me
Full fast away can he fle
That is for the here my hand
to fight with him whyle I may stād
The kyng sayd to the stewarde tho
I may not beleue it should be so
Hath he be so bonayre & benygne
and serued me syth I was younge
And redy with me in euery nede
So the true of word and eke of dede

I mare

I may not beleue be nyght nor daye
My doughter dere he wyll betraye
Nor to come her chambre nye
That fode to longe with no foly
Though she nould to hym consente
that lordly lady fayre and gente
I truste hym so well withouten drede
that he would neuer do that dede
But yf he myght that lady wynne
In wedlocke to welde withouten synne
And yf she assent him tyll
The squyer is worthy to haue none yll
For I haue sene that many a page
Haue become men by mariage
than it is semely that the squyer
To haue my doughter by this manere
And eche man in his degre
Become a lorde of tyaltye
By fortune and by other grace
By herytage and by purchace
Therfore stewarde beware here by
Defame hym not for no envy
It were great reuth he should be spylte
Or put to death withouten gylte
And more ruthe of my doughter dere
For chaungyng of that ladyes chere
I would not for my crowne somewhe
that lady chaunge hyde or hewe
Or for to put thy selfe in drede
But thou myght take hym with the dede

For

For yf it may be founde in thee
that thou them fame for enuyte
Thou ſhalt be taken as a felon
And put full depe in my pryſon
and fetered faſt vnto a ſtone
Tyl xii yere were come and gone
And drawen wyth hors throughe the cyte
and ſoone hanged vppn a tre
And thou may not thy ſelfe excuſe
This dede thou ſhalt no wiſe refuſe
and therfore ſteward take good hed
How thou wilt anſwere to this ded
The ſtewarde anſwered with great enuy
That I haue ſayd that I wyll ſtand therby
to ſuffre death and endleſſe wo
Syr kynge I wyl neuer go therfro
For yf that ye wyll graunt me here
Strength of men and great power
I ſhall hym take this ſame nyght
In the chambre with your doughter bright
For I ſhall neuer be gladde of chere
Tyll I be venged of that ſquyer
Than ſayd the kynge full curteyſly
Vnto the ſtewarde that ſtode hym by
thou ſhalte haue ſtrength vnough with the
Men of armes xxy and thre
To watche that lady muche of pryce
and her to kepe fro her enemyes
For there is no knyght in chriſtente
That wolde betray that lady fre

But

But he should dye vnder his shelde
And I myght se hym in the feldde
and therfore stewarde I the pray
Take hede what I shall to the say
and if ꝑ squiere come not to night
For to speke with that lady bryght
Let hym say what soeuer he wyll
and here and se and holde you styll
and herken well what he wyll say
Or thou with him made any fray
So he come not her chambre Win
No bate on hym loke thou begyn
Though that he kysse that lady fre
and take his leaue ryght curteysly
Let hym go both hole and sounde
Without wemme or any wounde
But yf he wyl her chamber breke
No worde to hym that thou do speke
But yf he come with company
For to betraye that fayre lady
Loke he be taken soone anone
and all his meyne euerychone
And brought with strength to my pryson
as traytour, thefe and false felon
And yf he make any defence
Loke that he neuer go thence
But loke thou hew hym also small
as flesshe whan it to the potte shall
and yf he yelde hym to thee
Brynge him bothe saufe and sounde to me

I shall borowe for seuen yere
He shall not wedde my doughter dere
And therfore stewarde I thee praye
Thou watche that lady nyght and daye
The stewarde sayde the kyng untyll
All your bydding I shall fulfyll
The stewarde toke his leaue to go
The Squyer came fro chambre tho
Downe he went into the hall
The officers sone can he call
Both, vsher, Panter, and Butler
And other that in office were
there he them warned sone anone
To take vp the bordes euerychone
thant hey dyd his commaundement
And sythe vnto the kyng he went
Full lowe he set hym on his kne
And voyded his borde full gentely
and whan the squyre had done so
Anone he sayde the kynge vnto
as ye are lorde of chyualry
Geue me leue to passe the sea
To proue my strenthe with my ryght hande
On Godes enemyes in vncouth land
And to be knowe in chyualry
In Bascoyne, Spayne, and Lumbardy
In eche batayle for to tyghe
To be proued a venterous knyghe
the kyng sayd to the squyer tho
thou shalt haue good leue to go

I shall

I shall the gyue both golde and fe
And strength of men to wende with thes
If thou be true in worde and dede
I shall thee helpe in all thy nede
The squyer thanked ỹ kyng anone
and toke his leue ād forth can gone
With ioye and blysse & muche pryde
Wyth all his meyny by his syde
He had not ryden but a whyle
Not the mountenaunce of a myle
Or he was ware of a vyllage
Anone he sayde vnto a page
Our soupper soone loke it be dyght
Here will we lodge all to nyght
Ther tolde theyr ynnes in good intente
and to theyr supper soone they wente
Whan he was set and serued at meate
Than he sayd he had forgete
to take leue of that lady fre
The kynges doughter of Hongre
Anone the squyer made him ayre
And by hym selfe forth can he fare
Without strength of his meyne
vnto the castell than went he
Whan he came to the posterne gate
anone he entred in thereat
and his drawen swerd in his hande
There was no more with him wolde stande
But it stode with hym full harde
As ye shall here nowe of the stewarde

He wende in the worlde none had bene
That had knowen of his pryuite
Alas it was not as he wende
For all his counsayle the stewarde
He had bewrayed him to the kyng
Of all his loue and his woyng
And yet he laye her chambre by
armed with a great company
and be set it one eche syde
For treason walketh wonder wyde
The squyer thought on no mystruste
He wende no man in the worlde had wyste
But yf he had knowen ne by saynt John
He had not come theder by his owne
Or yf that lady had knowen his wyll
that he should haue come her chamber tyll
She would haue taken hym golde and fe
Strength of men and royalte
But there ne wyst no man nor grome
Where that squyer was become
But forth he went hymselfe alone
Amonge his seruauntes euerychone
Whan that he came her chambre to
Anone he sayde your dore vndo
Undo he sayde nowe fayre lady
I am beset with many a spy
Lady as whyte as whales bone
There are thyrty agaynst me one
Undo thy dore my worthy wyfe
I am belette with many a knyfe

Undó your doze my lady swete
I am beset with enemyes great
And lady but ye wyll aryse
I shall be dead with myne enemyes
vndo thy doze my frely floure
For ye are myne and I am your
That lady with those wordes awoke
A mantell of golde to her she toke
She sayde go away thou wicked wyght
Thou shalt not come here this nyght
For I wyll not my doze vndo
For no man that cometh therto
There is but one in christente
that euer made that forwarde with me
There is but one that euer bare lyfe
that euer I hight to be his wyfe
He shall me wedde by mary bryght
Whan he is proued a venterous knyght
For we haue loued this seuen yere
there was neuer loue to me so dere
There lyeth on me both kyng and knyght
Duke erles of muche might
Wende forth squyer on your waye
For here ye gette none other praye
For I ne wote what ye should be
That thus besecheth loue of me
I am your owne squyre he sayde
For me lady be not dysmayde
Come I am full pryuely
To take my leaue of you lady

Welcome she sayd my loue so dere
Myne owne dere heart and my squyer
I shall you geue kysses thre
A thousand pounde vnto your fe
and keye I shall my maydenhede tyght
tyll ye be proued a venturous knyght
For yf ye should me wede anone
My father wolde make slee you soone
I am the kynges doughter of Hungre
And ye alone that haue loued me
and though you loue me neuer so sore
For me ye shall neuer be lore
Go forth and aske me at my kynne
and loke what graunt you may wynne
yf that ye gette graunt in fayre
My selfe therto shall not say nay
And yf ye may not do so
Otherwyse ye shall come to
ye are bothe hardy stronge & wight
Go forth & be a venterous knight
I pray to god and our lady
to send you the whele of victory
that my father so leue he be
That wyll preser me to thee
I wote well it is lyghtly sayd
Go forth and be nothyng afrayde
a man of worshyp may not do so
He must haue what nedz him vnto
He must haue gold he must haue fe
Et. engthe of men and royalte

golde

Golde and syluer spare ye nought
tyll to manhode ye be brought
to what batayll soeuer ye go
ye shall haue an hundreth pounde or two
And yet to me syr ye may saye
That I woulde fayne haue you awaye
that profered you golde and fe
Out of myne eye syght for to be
Neuerthelesse it is not so
It is for the worshyp of vs two
though you be come of symple kynne
thus my loue syr may ye wynne
yf ye haue grace of victory
As euer had syr Lybyus or syr Guy
Whan the dwarfe and mayde Ely
Came to Arthoure kyng so fre
as a kyng of great renowne
That wan the lady of Synadowne
Lybius was graunted the batayle tho
therfore the dwarfe was full wo
And sayd Arthur thou arte to blame
to bydde this chylde go sucke his dame
Better hym semeth so mote I thryue
than for to do these batayles fyue
At the chapell of Salebraunce
These wordes began great distaunce
the sawe they had the wictory
they kneled downe and cryed mercy
And afterward syr verament
they called hym knyght absolent

Empe

Emperours, Dukes, knyghtes, and quene
At his commaundement for to bene
Suche fortune with grace now to you fall
To wynne the worthyest within the wall
And thynke on your loue alone
and for to loue that ye chaunge none
Knyght as they talked thus in fere
Theyr enemyes approched nere and nere
Foure and thyrty armed bryght
The steward had arayed hym to fyght
The steward was ordeyned to spy
and for to take them vtterly
He wende to death he shoulde haue gone
He felled seuen men agaynst hym one
Whan he had them to grounde brought
The steward at hym full sadly fought
So harde they smote together tho
The stewardes throte he cut in two
And sone he fell downe to the grounde
as a traitour vntrewe with many a wounde
The squyer sone in armes they hente
And of they dyd his good garmente
and on the steward they it dyd
and sone his body therin thy hydde
and with their swordes his face they share
That she should not knowe what he ware
they cast hym at her chambre dore
The steward that was slyfe and store
Whan they had made that great affraye
Full pryuely they stale awaye

An

In arme the take that squyer tho
And to the kynges chambre can they go
Without wemme or any wounde
Before the kynge bothe hole and sounde
As soone as the kynge him spyed with eye
He sayd welcome sonne sykerly
Thou hast cast thee my sonne to be
this seuen yere I shall let thee
Leue we here of this squyer wight
And speake we of that lady bryght
How she rose that lady dere
To take her leue of that squyer
also naked as she was borne
She stod her chambre dore beforne
Alas she sayd and weale away
For all to long nowe haue I lay
She sayd alas and all for wo
Withouten men why came ye so
yf that ye wolde haue come to me
Other werninges there might haue be
Now all to dere my loue is bought
But it shall neuer be lost for nought
and in her armes she toke hym there
Into the chamber she dyd hym bere
His bowels soone she dyd out drawe
and buryed them in goddes lawe
She sered that body with specery
With wyrgin waxe and commendry
and closed hym in a maser tre
and set on hym lackes thre

She put him in a marble stone
With quaynt gynnes many one
And set hym at hir beddes head
And euery day she kyst that dead
Soone at morne whan she vp rose
Unto that dead body she gose
Therfore wold she knele downe on her kne
And make her prayer to the trynite
And kysse that body twyse or thryse
And fall in a swowne or she myght ryse
Whan she had so done
To chyrche than wolde she gone
Than would she here masses fyue
And offre to them whyle she myght lyue
There shall none knowe but heuen kynge
For whome that I make myne offrynge
The kyng her father anone he sayde
My doughter why are you dysmayde
So feare a lady as ye are one
And so semely of flesshe and bone
Ye were whyte as whales bone
Nowe are ye pale as any stone
Your ruddy redde as any chery
With browes bent & eyes full merry
Ye were wont to harpe and syng
And be the merriest in chambre comyng
Ye ware both golde and good veluet
Clothe of damaske with saphyres iet
Ye ware the pery on your head
With stones full oryent whyte and redd

ye ware coronalles of Golde
With diamoundes set many a fotilde
And nowe ye were clothes of blacke
Tell me doughter for whose sake
If he be so poore of fame
that ye may not be wedded for shame
Bryng him to me a none ryght
I shall hym make squyer and knight
And yf he be so great a lorde
That your loue may not accorde
Let me doughter that lordynge se
He shall haue Golde ynoughe with the
Gramercy father so mote I thryue
For I mourne for no man alyue
Ther is no man by heuen kyng
That shal knowe more of my mournynge
Her father knewe it euery deale
But he kept it in counsele
To morowe ye shall on hunting fare
And ryde my doughter in a chare
It shalbe couered with veluet reede
And clothes of fyne golde al about your hed
With bamske white and asure blewe
Wel dyapred with lylyes newe
Your pomelles shalbe ended with gold
Your chaynes enameled many a folde
Your mantel of ryche degre
Purpyl palle, and armyne fre
Jennettes of spayne that ben so wyght
Trapped to the ground with veluet ryght

ye shall haue harpe sautry and songe
and other myrthes you amonge
ye shall haue rumney and malmesyne
Both ypocraffe and vernage wyne
Mountrose and wyne of greke
Both algrade and respice eke
Antioche and bastarde
Pyment also and garnarde
Wyne of Greke and muscadell
Both clare pyment and rochell
the reed your stomake to desye
and pottes of osey set you by
you shall haue venison ybake
the best wylde foule ẏ may be take
A lese of Hrehound with you to streke
and hert and hynde and other lyke
ye shalbe set at such a tryst
that herte and hynde shall come to your fyst
your dysease to dryue you fro
to here the bugles there y blow
With theyr bugles in that place
and seuenscore raches at his rechase
Homward thus shall ye ryde
On haukyng by the ryuers syde
with Goshauke and with gentyll fawcon
With Egle horne and merlyon
whan you come home your men amonge
ye shall haue reuell daunces and songe
Lytle chyldren great and smale
Shall syng as doth the nyghtyngale

than

than shall ye go to your euensong
with tenours and trebles a mong
Thre score of copes of damaske bryght
Full of perles thy shalbe pyght
your aulter clothes of taffata
and your sicles all of taffetra
your sensours shalbe of Golde
Endent with asure many a folde
your quere nor organ longe shall wante
With countre note and dyscant
The other halfe on orgayns playeng
with yonge chyldren full fayre syngyng
Than shall ye go to your suppere
and sytte in tentes in grene arbere
with clothes of aras pyght to the grounde
with saphyres set and dyamonde
A cloth of Golde a bought your heade
with popinlayes pyght with pery read
And officers all at your wyll
all maner delightes to bryng you till
The nightingale sitting on a thorne
Shall synge you notes both euen & morne
an hundreth knightes truly tolde
Shall play with bowles in alayes colde
your disease to drive a waie
To se the fishes in poles plaie
and then walke in arbere vp and downe
To se the floures of great renowne
To a draw brydge than shall ye
The one halfe of stone the other of tre

A barge shall mete you full ryght
With.xxiiii.ores full bryght
With trompettes and with claryowne
The fresshe water to rowe vp and downe
Than shall ye go to the salte fome
your maner to se or ye come home
With.lxxx. Shyppes of large towre
With dromedaryes of great honour
And carackes with sayles two
The sweftest that on water may goo
With Galyes good vpon the hauen
With.lxxx ores at the fore stauen
your maryners shall synge arowe
Hey how and rumbylawe
Than shall ye doughter aske the wyne
With spices that be good and fyne
Gentyll pottes with genger grene
With dates and deynties you betwene
Forty torches brenynge bryght
At your brydges to brynge you lyght
Into your chambre they shall you brynge
With muche myrthe and more lykyng
your costerdes couered with whyte & blewe
And drapred with lyles newe
your curtianes of camaca all in folde
your felyoles all of Golde
your fester pery at your heed
Curtaines with popiniayes white & reed
your hyllynges with furres of armyne
Powdred with Golde of hew full fyne

your

Your blankettes shall be of fustyane
your shetes shall be of clothe of rayne
your head shete shall be of pery pyght
with dyamondes set and rubyes bryght
Whan you are layde in bedde so softe
A cage of Golde shall hange a lofte
With longe peper fayre burnning
And clouys that be swete smellyng
Frankensence and olibanum
That whan ye slepe the taste may come
And ye no rest may take
all nyght minstrelles for you shall wake
Cranmercy father so mote I the
For all these thinges lyketh not me
Into her chambre she is gone
And fell in sowpyng sone anone
With much sorow and sighing sore
yet seuen yeere she kept hym thore
But leue we of that lady here
And speake we more of that squyer
That in pryson so was take
For the Kinges doughters sake
The kyng hym selfe vpon a daye
Full pryuely he toke the waye
Vnto the pryson sone he came
the squyer sone out he name
And anone he made hym swere
His counsayl he should neuer discure
the squyer there held vp his hande
His byddyng neuer he should withstande

the

The kyng him graunted ther to go
Upon his Iorney to and fro
And brefely to passe the sea
That no man wesse but he and he
and whan he had his turnay done
That he wolde come full soone
and in my chambre for to be
the whyles ỳ I do ordayne for thee
than shalt thou wedde my doughter dere
and haue my landes both farre and nere
The squyer was full mery tho
and thanked the kynge and forth gan go
the kyng hym gaue both lande and fe
Anone the squyer passed the se
In tuskayne and in Lombardy
there he dyd great chyualry
In Portyngale nor yet in spayne
there myght no man stan hym agayne
And where that euer that knyght gan fare
the worshyp with hym away he bare
and thus he trauayled seuen yere
In many a land both farre and nere
Tyll on a day he thought hym tho
Unto the sepulture for to go
and there he made his offeryng soone
Right as the kinges doughter bad him don
than he thought hym on a day
that the kynge to hym byd saye
He toke his leue in lumbardy
and home he came to Hungry

vnto

Unto the kynge soone he rode
As he before his couenaunce made
and to the kyng he tolde full soone
Of batayles twelue that he had done
Thus so he did the chyualry
that he has sene in Lumbardy
To the kynge it was good tydande
Anone he toke him by the hande
and he made him full royall chere
And sayd welcome my sonne so dere
Let none wete of my merne
That out of prison thou shuldest be
But in my chamber holde the styll
And I shall wete my doughters wyll
the kynge wente forth hym selfe alone
For to here his doughters mone
Right vnder the chambre window
There he might her counseyle knowe
Had she wyll that lady fre
that her father there had be
He shulde not withouten fayle
Haue knowen so muche of her counsayle
For nothing she knew that he was there
Whan she began to carke and care
Unto that body she sayd tho
Alas that we should parte in two
Twyse or thryse she kyssed that body
And fell in sownynge by and by
Alas than sayd that lady dere
Shall the kept this seuen yere

And now ye be in powder small
I may no lenger holde you with all
My loue to the earth I shall the bryngе
And preestes for you to reade and synge
yf any man aske me what I haue here
I wyll say it is my treasure
yf any man aske why I do so
For no theues shall come therto
And squyer for the loue of the
Fy on this worldes vanyte
Farewell golde pure and fyne
farewell velvet and satyne
Farewell castelles and maners also
Farewell huntynge and hawkynge to
farewell reuell myrthe and play
Farewell pleasurs and garmentes gay
farewell perle and precyous stone
Farewell my Iuielles everychone
farewell mantell and scarlet reed
Farewell crowne vnto my heed
farewell hawkes and farewell hounde
Farewell markes and many a pounde
farewell huntynge at the hare
Farewell harte and hynde for euermare
Nowe wyll I take the mantell and ỹ rynge
And become an anoresse in my lyuynge
and yet I am a mayden for thee
and for all the men in chrystiente
To Christ I shall my prayers make
Squyer onely for thy sake

and

And I shall neuer no masse heare
But ye shall haue parte in feare
And euery daye whyles I lyue
ye shall haue your masses tyue
And I shall offre pence thre
In tokenynge of the trynyte
and whan this lady had this sayde
In sownyng she fel at a brayde
The whyle she made this great mornynge
vnder the wall stode her father the kynge
Doughter he sayde you must not do so
For all those nowes thou must forgo
Alas father & wele awaye
Nowe haue ye harde what I dyde saye
Doughter let be all thy mournynge
Thou shalt be wedde to a kynge
I wys father that shall not be
for all the golde in christente
Nor all the golde that euer God made
Wan not my harte glade
Why doughter he sayde dere derlynge
I make the cause of your mournyg
Ye knewe this body your loue should be
It is not so so mote I the
It was my stewardesse Maradose
That ye so longe haue kept in close
Alas father why dyd ye so
For he wrought you all thys wo
He made reuelation vnto me
That he knewe all your pryuyte

And howe the squyer on a day
Unto her chambre toke the way
and ther he should haue lyen you by
Had he not come with company
and howe ye hyght hym golde and fe
Strengthe of men and royalte
And than he watched your chambre bryght
with men of armes hardy and wyght
For to take that squyer
that ye haue loued this seuen yere
But as the stewarde strong and stoute
Beseged your chambre rounde about
to you your loue came full rygh
All alone about mydnight
and whan he came your doze vnto
and lady he sayde vndo
And soone ye bade hym wende awaye
For there he gate none other praye
and as he talked thys in fere
your enemyes drewe them nere and nere
they smote to him full soone anone
There were thrty agaynst hym one
But with a bastarde large and longe
the squyer preted in to the thronge
and so he bate hym in that stounde
His enemyes gaue hym many a wounde
With egre mode and herte full throwe
the stewardes throte he cut in two
and than his meyne all in that place
with their swordes they hurte his face
and

And than they toke him euerichone
and layd him on a marble stone
Before your dore that ye myght se
Ryght as your loue that he had be
and sone the squier there they hent
and they dyd of his good garment
and did it on the stewarde there
That ye wist not what he were
thus ye haue kept your enemy here
Pallyng more than seuen yere
and as the squyer there was take
and done in pryson for your sake
and therfore let be your mourning
ye shalbe wedded to a kyng
Or els vnto an Emperoure
with golde & syluer & great treasure
Do aware father that may not be
For all the golde in chrystente
alas father anone she sayde
why hath this traytour me betraid
alas she sayd I haue great wrong
That I haue kept him here so long
alas father why dyd ye so
ye might haue warned me of my fo
and ye had tolde me who it had be
My loue had neuer be dead for me
anone she tourned her fro the kyng
and downe she fell in dead sownyng
The kyng anone gan go
and hente her in his armes two

Lady he sayd be of good chere
your love lyueth and is here
And he hath bene in Lombardy
and done he hath great chyualry
and come agayne he is to me
In lyfe and health ye shall him se
He shall you wede my doughter bryght
I haue hym made squier and knyght
He shalbe a lorde of great renowne
and after me to were the crowne
Father she sayd if it be so
Let me sone that squyer se
The squyer forth than dyd he brynge
Full fayre on lyue an inlykynge
As sone as she saw him with her eye
She fell in sownyng by and by
The squyer her hente in armes two
And kyssed her an hundreth tymes and mo
There was myrth and melody
With harpe getron and sautry
with rote ribible and clokarde
with pypes organs & bumbarde
wyth other mynstrelles them amonge
with sytolphe and with sautry songe
with fydle recorde and Dowcemere
with trompette & with claryon clere
with dulcet pipes of many cordes
In chambre reuelyng all the lordes
Unto morne that it was daye
The kyng to his doughter began to saye

haue

Have here thy loue and thy lykyng
Wolyue and ende in gods blessinge
And he that wyll departe you two
God geue him sorow and wo
I trewe louer that ye are one
Was neuer flesshe ne bone
and but he be as true to thee
God let him neuer thryue ne thee
the kyng in herte he was full blithe
He kissed his doughter many a tithe
With melody and muche chere
A none he cal'ed his messengere
and commaunded him soone to go
Through his cities to and fro
For to warne his chyualry
that they should come to hungry
That worthy wedding for to se
And come vnto that mangere
that messenger full soone he wente
And did ꝑ kinges commaũdemente
anone he commaunded bothe olde & yonge
For to be at that weddyng
Both dukes and erles of muche myght
and ladyes that were faye and bryght
As soone as euer they herde the cryc
The lordes were full soone redy
With myrth and game and muche playe
they wedded them on a solempne daye
A royall feest there was holde
With dukes and erles and barons bolde

and

And knyghtes and squyers of that countre
And sith with all the comunalte
And certaynly as the story sayes
The reuel: lasted forty dayes
Tyll on a day the kyng him selfe
To hym he toke his lordes twelfe
And so he dyd the squyer
That wedded his doughter dere
And euen in the myddes of the hall
He made him kyng among them al
And all the lordes euerychone
They made him homage sone anon
And sithen they reuelled all that day
And toke theyr leue and went theyr way
Eche lorde vnto his owne countre
Where that hym bell to be
That yong man and ꝑquene his wyfe
With ioy and blysse they led theyr lyfe
For also farre as I haue gone
Suche twolouers sawe I none
Therfore blessed may theyr soules be
Amen, amen, for charyte

FINIS.

¶ Thus endeth vndo your doone, otherwise
called the squyer of lowe degre.

¶ Imprented at London, by me Wyllyam
Copland.